

THEODOSIUS

AND

ARABELLA,

A NOVEL.

VOL II.

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MRS.

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No 1

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THEODOSIUS

AND

ARABELLA,

A NOVEL,

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS,

BY THE LATE

MRS. HAMPDEN PYE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

73x
No 126
VOL II.



L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM LANE,
LEADENHALL-STREET.

M,DCC,LXXXVI.

PHILOSOPHY

AND

ABSTRACT

A NOVEL

OF THE

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VOL. II

LONDON

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM LANE

STATIONER, ST. MARK'S

M.DCC.LXXXVI.

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Vol.

THEODOSIUS

AND

ARABELLA.

LETTER XXIX.

MR. HENLEY,

TO

LORD FALBRIDGE.

May 30.

WHY now, Falbridge, you
talk like yourself!—for
who the devil would think of
vegetating in that dullest of all
bull capitals, London;—going
Vol. II. B eternally

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eternally on in the same stupid
round, like a blind horse in a
mill, that could do no otherwise.
What an alternative! either to
lose your money with a parcel
of fellows you despise, or flumber
away your hours in sober matri-
monial comforts at home. You
know, my dear Lord, I never
highly approved this *American*
alliance of your's; but as you say
the thing is done, and there is
no remedy, your present scheme
is an excellent one upon every
account. Leave Lady Falbridge
to look after the sick, the halting
and the blind, at Shrubby-Hill

while

whilst you seek pleasures in its
 certain abode, Paris. But why
 pass only a part of the Autumn
 here? believe me, for once be
 advised, leave your friend W—,
 to thunder away in the cause of
 liberty by himself, whilst you ex-
 plore new scenes; and if your
 fortune should (as will in all pro-
 bability be the case) be too much
 impaired by what has happened,
 and what may hereafter happen,
 you may then, with a good grace,
 return to England,—think better
 of it,—and change sides to change
 your fortune. I do assure you, it
 was what I intended myself, if I

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had not been thrown out of my
election last time. Why should
it not be so?—we are no longer in
the age of romance,—every thing
is now reduced to its just value,—
the patriotism of the men is like
the virtue of the women, and one
and the other lasts only till they
find purchasers who bid up to
their price;—as that does not al-
ways happen, there are daily some
of both sexes who go out of the
world with a reputation they
would have gladly parted with
for certain valuable considera-
tions that never came within
their reach. As for me, as I said
before

before, what with the money I
 threw away on the cursed electi-
 on, and what with watching
 over my *chaste Penelope*, lest she
 should bestow her twenty thou-
 sand pounds upon some Irish
 insign, and cut me from my last
 hope, I look on myself as a pri-
 soner on my own estate; other-
 wise I would accompany you
 myself, and try if I could renew
 some of my old acquaintance at
 Paris, or make new ones yet
 more pleasing. I shall expect to
 hear of your triumphs, and flat-
 ter myself, that whilst you are
 reckoning (like Archer) "so
 much.

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much pleasure for so much money," you will not forget, your affectionate friend and Kinsman,

RICHARD HENLEY

[As the correspondence between Mr. Mordant and Mr. Grey, from May to the end of October, contains only an account of the marriage of the former, and the entertainment given at Mordant-House and Beverley-Castle on that occasion, and Mr. Grey's description of the Country where he is, and the slow progress of his recovery, we thought it unnecessary to insert those letters.

LETTER

THEODOSIUS & ARABELLA. 7

LETTER XXX.

M R. G R E Y,

T O

M R. M O R D A N T.

Paris,

October 20.

JUST ten days arrived in this
great mart of vanity and dis-
ipation, I take up my pen to
inform you, my dear Mordant,
that I have availed myself of
your kind recommendations, and

B 4

pre-

presented your letters to the different persons they were addressed to, from whom I have received every mark of French politeness; but amongst these, I may judge, there are only the good old Chevalier De —, and Chaillet, and the Comte De La Riviere, with whom I shall form any kind of intimacy. The first of these is the most respectable and most amiable old man, I ever met with; his conversation recalls to my mind my ever lamented friend, Mr. Selwyn. The Comte is sensible, polite, and informed, and his perfect knowledge of our language

language and literature, renders him a most agreeable companion. I find my quality of American, so prejudicial to me in England, is here a sufficient title of recommendation. I can as yet form little judgment of this City or its inhabitants, but by what I have hitherto seen, I imagine it requires a mind much more at ease than mine, to relish Paris and its pleasures. As I mean most carefully to visit all the public buildings, libraries, and valuable collections of paintings, you must not expect to hear from me again very soon; for I shall not run them

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them slightly over, but remarks
them with the utmost attention,
in which I shall be assisted by
the Comte de la Riviere, who is
a real connoisseur. My health
continues mending every day, but
the mind, the mind, dear Mor-
dant!—but I will not break in
upon your happiness, by com-
plaining of that which is past
remedy. Adieu!

Ever your's,

THEODOSIUS GREY

LETTER

THEODOSIUS & ARABELLA. II

LETTER XXXI.

THE COMTE DE LA RIVIERE,

TO

M R. M O R D A N T.

October 26.

I Have many thanks to render
you, my dear Chevalier, for
the present you have made us,
(at least for a time) in the per-
son of your agreeable coun-
tryman, if you will allow me to
call

call an American so. He is in all respects one of the most extraordinary young men I have ever met, as to his endowments both of person and mind.—His understanding is so improved,—he has such a fund of natural politeness, as are very rare to be met with;—and he possesses the art (excuse me, dear Chevalier,) of exalting his own Country, without disparaging our's, beyond any Englishman I ever met with. He might, if he pleased, be the idol of the women, but he seems to be totally indifferent on that subject. He passes all

is mornings in study, and most
 of his evenings with the Cheva-
 lier De —, at Chaillot, or
 with a foreign Lady of distin-
 guished merit, with whose con-
 versation he is highly pleased.
 It is very rarely that I can per-
 suade him to accompany me to
 the Spectacle, and when there,
 he seems always buried in
 thought;—it is certain, *qu'il outre*
melancholie Angloise, which is the
 only fault (if it can be called
 one,) that I have hitherto dis-
 covered in him. But if I am
 not mistaken, he has left some
 favourite object in England, that
 often

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often calls off his thoughts
Adieu! my dear Chevalier, on
all occasions you may command
me;—and when they are as
agreeable as this, you can never
be sufficiently thanked, by

Your most humble

And obedient Servant

DE LA RIVIERE

P. S. It is not without fear
write you in English.

LETTER

LETTER XXXII.

M R. G R E Y,

T O

M R. M O R D A N T.

Paris,

November 10.

AFTER all, my dear Mor-
dant, by my own choice,
Paris would never be my place of
residence, tho I greatly admire
it as a City, and highly value
those of its inhabitants with
whom

whom I am acquainted. Indeed they are but few in number, for almost confine myself to the society of three, whose equals I do not believe are to be met with on this continent. The Chevalier De —, and the Comte De La Riviere you know as well as me but you are to add to these a Lady, who is, I really believe unrivalled in virtue and accomplishments. She is a foreigner of high rank, who lives extremely retired, seeing only a few persons of the highest distinction, and such who are yet more distinguished by their merit than the

quality

quality. To this Lady I have had
 the good fortune to be intro-
 duced, and the still greater good
 fortune to render myself agree-
 able. In her conversation I find
 all my sorrows suspended; and I
 even forget, for a while, that no-
 thing but death can put an end
 to them. As to the French
 ladies, I must confess they do
 not please; I have seen many
 who have wit, beauty, and gra-
 ces, but they seem more calcu-
 lated to alarm the senses, than
 touch the heart; nor indeed, to
 do them justice, do they seem to
 deserve it. To create a serious
 passion

passion would be to them an embarrassment,—it would be contracting a debt they never meant to pay, and what so troublesome. The characters of the men, and in my opinion, much more amiable, and more to be depended upon. I could infinitely sooner make a Frenchman my friend than a Frenchwoman my mistress, or my wife; they want that feminine tenderness, that profound sensibility so eminently the characteristic of our country women. Yet were my mind at ease, I could be well amused, though never quite happy here.

To me the City of Paris would
 be the wonder of the world,
 were it not that the stately mag-
 nificence of their buildings are
 disgraced by the contrast of
 the mean and wretched one's that
 are near them;—this whimsical
 contrast offends the eye, at the
 same time that it pains the heart.
 Upon the whole, Paris has, ac-
 cording to my judgment, many
 advantages over London, for the
 climate is greatly preferable,—
 the environs, quite equal, if not
 superior. I know nothing that
 can compare with the Boulevards
 and the Bois de Bologne, tho' I
 have

have only seen them in their decay. As to their Spectacles, they are so disguised and spoiled by the bad contrivance and dirt of their Theatres, that one can hardly judge of them; yet under all these disadvantages I have received great satisfaction at the Comedie Italienne, and sometimes at the Comedie Françoise tho' their stile of acting is not in a good taste. But I know not why I should tell you what you know so much better than myself, for when I sat down to write I only purposed to answer your obliging enquiries about my health

health; a point your solicitous
 friendship never forgets. To an-
 swer that, I will tell you, that I
 am now pretty well recovered
 from those disagreeable symp-
 toms that troubled me so long;
 and I find, that by the help of
 constantly riding on horse-back,
 Paris agrees nearly as well with
 me as Montauban.

I hope you never fail to present
 my most affectionate good wishes
 to your amiable wife, who has
 justified the high opinion I ever
 had of her sense and generosity,
 by her well judged choice.

Adieu!

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Adieu! my dear Mordant, be-
lieve me,

Ever your's,

THEODOSIUS GREY

LETTE

Adieu!

LETTER XXXIII.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

November 20.

COULD I possibly imagine, dear Mordant, that I should find fresh cause for uneasiness in this Capital, where I have in a manner speaking no connexions!—but after what I am about to tell you, you shall judge for me yourself. About five days

days ago, as I was coming down
 from the Comedie Italienne
 with Monsieur De La Riviere
 whilst we were waiting for our
 carriage I remarked two women
 standing together, one of whom
 was a most splendid figure, not
 only from the quantity of jewels
 she was adorned with, but from
 a most beautiful form and face.
 I believe I should have gazed on
 her longer, had she not examined
 me in her turn with so fatiguing
 an attention, that she obliged me
 to turn away my eyes. A very
 elegant equipage coming up at
 that instant, a gentleman, who

had been separated from her by
 the crowd, came towards her, and
 taking her by the hand, he led
 her to the carriage, into which
 she stepped first, her companion
 followed, and the gentleman
 getting in last, the servant shut
 the door and bade the coachman
 drive *a l'Hotel*,—but judge of my
 astonishment, in seeing that this
 gentleman was no other than
 Lord Falbridge! As the sight
 of him always gives me a most
 displeasing sensation, and awa-
 kens a most painful recollection,
 I was not surprized at the emo-
 tion I felt; but I could not help

asking the Comte, if he knew
 those ladies? "Know them
 said he, "to be sure I do, the first
 and handsomest is the celebrated
 Mademoiselle St. Justin, of the
 Opera; that gentleman you saw
 with her is a Mi Lord Anglois
 with whom she lives, and who
 lavishes on her more than ever
 Mi Lord E—— did on Made-
 moiselle Du T——. I was
 thunderstruck at this account
 that I could not open my lips the
 rest of the way, and tho' we
 were engaged to sup together,
 was obliged to plead illness in or-
 der to excuse myself, and went

home

come in a state not to be described. My unhappy sister! what a fate!—oh! how well is my likeness to that man justified! I found this incident so strongly affected me, that I did not stir out for two days; but the good-natured Countess, who looks on melancholy as the most dangerous of disorders, would not leave me to indulge mine. The day before yesterday he came to me, and passed the whole evening in my apartment, and indeed, as he is himself of a serious turn, I found some relief from his company and conversation. About half

an hour after we had supped, "a propos," said he, "Grey, there is a ball D'Opera to-night, it is a great amusement you have not yet partaken of, we must go thither, which they are not indeed so brilliant as those which are given in the Carnival, but it will give you some idea of it, and at least serve to dissipate you." I endeavoured all I could to excuse myself, but he would take no refusal, and my apartment looks into the Palais Royal, the night being fine we crost the garden and were there in an instant. For what reason I know not, but it was

much fuller than the balls usually are at this season of the year; but this variagated scene of folly did not produce the effect on me, which my friend had promised himself, for I grew if possible more thoughtful and melancholy than before I went out. I was attacked by several masks, who endeavoured to enter into conversation with me, but my cold and short answers not encouraging them, they left me immediately. Presently after, however, two female masks stopped short before me, one of which was in a dress that set off most admirably

mirably one of the finest shapes I ever saw. After looking at me very attentively for a few minutes, she said, "*je te connois charmant Anglois!*" but as I made a sign that I did not speak French she shook her head, and left me. I began now to repent of going unmasked (for I was in my common dress) as it exposed me to be teased, but it was too late and as I found the Comte, who knew every body, was much amused, I determined to bear it patiently to the end. The two masks I mentioned followed us very closely, and getting behind

they overheard me speak
 French to the Comte. Soon af-
 ter I lost sight of them, but in
 about an hour I met them again
 in the Corridor, holding a gen-
 tleman in a domino and mask,
 under the arm. As there was a
 little stop, my nymph with the
 same shape pulled me gently by
 the sleeve, and as I turned my
 head I saw her slip a billet into
 my pocket, and then, without
 speaking a word, she pass'd by
 me and went into the room.

All this time De La Riviere
 was so engaged, that he saw no-

thing

thing of what had happen'd, and I was not in a disposition of mind to avail myself of the adventure, I was in no haste to inform myself of the contents of the billet. However, when I got home, and was undressing I took it out of my pocket, and found it was addressed *au bel Anglois*, it contained the following words in French.—“If the tenderness of your heart be answerable to the sweetness of your eyes, you will not be insensible to the sentiments you have created in one, who flatters herself she is not altogether destitute of charms

harms; be in the *Bois de Bo-*
gne, on horseback (as usual)
 near the gate of Madrid, at ten
 o'clock to-morrow morning,
 you will thereby satisfy your own
 curiosity, and her impatience.
 adieu! my Lord, I love you
 with all my heart.

By this I judged it to be some
 person who was accustomed to
 see me ride there, and as it was
 written with a pencil, I imagined
 she took an opportunity of writ-
 ing it after she had satisfied her-
 self that I understood French; be-
 cause as it will, I determined to go

and at least to discover the writer
 Accordingly I was at the place
 appointed about half an hour
 before the time, and in order that
 better to deliberate on what I had
 to do, I struck into one of the
 side alleys, as soon as I saw
 woman on horseback coming to-
 wards the place of rendezvous
 on her nearer approach I saw
 that she was mounted in the
 manner of our country-women
 on a very fine English horse,
 servant in a rich livery on horse-
 back attending at a little dis-
 tance. But judge, my dearest
 Mordant, of my surprize and in-
 dignation

signation, on discovering, when she came near enough for me to distinguish her face, that it was no other than Mademoiselle St. Justin. I was so shocked and surprized, that for some moments I scarce knew what to do. I saw by her manner of stopping and looking about, that it was the person in question ; and I suddenly took a resolution which I put immediately in execution. Instead of coming directly out of the alley that concealed me, I made a little circuit and met her ; I saw by her motion that she was charmed at my punctuality ; but

I

I soon checked her joy, for riding inf-
ing close up to her, I presented her with her billet, folded in the same manner as I received it, and saying, "Madam, you have dropped this from your pocket," I made her a most profound bow, and galloped off, without once turning my head. I returned immediately home, and the rest of the day was given to reflection on this adventure. That a man can be weak and worthless enough to abandon a wife possess'd of every quality, and every perfection that can recommend her, to squander away his fortune, and lead a life

of infamy, with a creature who
 does not even wait the sollicita-
 tion to be unfaithful to him!—
 What a state of depravity!—
 and yet how many of our weak
 countrymen daily act the same
 part in this City. But that it
 should be the husband of my
 sister!—oh! Mordant, I fear I
 shall never be able to stay long
 at Paris, exposed to the risk of
 meeting him;—for should we
 meet, and my resentment once
 get the better of me, as it doubt-
 less would, I should call him to
 severe account for the wrongs
 he has done to the most deserv-
 ing

ing of her sex. Adieu! my dear
Mordant, I think it will not now
be long before I have the satisfaction
of embracing you in England.

Ever your's,

THEODOSIUS GREY

LETTER

LETTER XXXIV.

LADY FALBRIDGE,

T O

MRS. MORDANT.

*Hervey-Lodge,
November 10.*

YOU will be surprized, my dear Mrs. Mordant, at seeing this letter dated from the lodge, as you know I told you in my last, that I expected Mrs. Hervey at Shrubby-Hill; and you

you will, I am sure, be as much concerned, as surprized, at the event which has occasioned this alteration. You know I have written to you several times, that Mr. Henley and his sister have been very assiduous in their visits to Shrubby-Hill, ever since my Lord went to France; and as their seat is full thirty miles from our's, whenever they came they made a stay of several days. I own these visits were far from agreeable to me, for I have always looked on Mr. Henley as a man of very indifferent morals and the more dangerous for possessing

...ffing the specious advantages of
...n engaging person and manner.
...s to his sister, she is only ridi-
...ulous, and that I can bear with
...atience; tho' I know you, my
...vely friend, never could.—How-
...ver, as they were relations of my
...ord's, I made it a point to shew
...them all the attention that title
...ained from me, tho' he thought
...therwise in regard to my nearest
...nd dearest relation.—But let me
...ot touch on that too painful
...bject!—Every visit Mr. Henley
...made, he encreased his attentions
...owards me so much, that at last
...could not help perceiving them,
...and

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and feeling a little alarm'd; but in this last visit he was so particular, that I was obliged to take the greatest pains to avoid being alone with him. One morning about seven o'clock, I had strolled out into the Park with a book to indulge my own meditations at almost the only hour that I could be free from my troublesome visitors; and led by the fineness of the morning, I gained the temple that commands the prospect on the summit of that little hill you were so fond of. I had scarce been ten minutes seated, but a passage in the book

as reading, strongly bringing
me long past hours fresh to my
membrance, I laid it down, and
my memory, but too faithful to
my trust, brought to my imagi-
nation such a train of ideas that
tears streamed from my eyes,
and I remained, leaning my head
on my hand, and so buried in
thought, that I perceived not the
entrance of Mr. Henley till he
was close by me. At this sight
I started, but he taking my hand,
which I hastily withdrew, and
sitting down by me,—“in tears,
my dear Falbridge, what can occa-
sion them? tell me loveliest of
women!

women! if the sacrifice of my life
 can contribute to remove your
 grief, command it." I had by that
 time recovered myself, and tho'
 was alarmed at finding myself
 alone with this man, at such
 distance from the house,
 thought proper to dissemble, and
 assuming all the dignity I could
 in my look, "I own," said I, "I
 had a better opinion of Mr. Her-
 ley's politeness, than to think he
 would intrude himself thus ab-
 ruptly when he was unexpected
 and I must own, at this moment
 undesired." "Unkind Lady Fa-
 bridge, can the presence of

friend be ever call'd intrusion!"
 -seeing I was about to reply,
 "yes, Madam," said he, "I do
 deserve that title, if the tenderest
 love—the most ardent passion"—
 could bear it no longer, I rose
 and hastened to the door, but
 he was there before me, and
 catching me by the hand, he for-
 ced me to sit down,—“sit but
 one minute, I have long waited
 for this opportunity, you have no-
 thing to apprehend; but by hea-
 ven you stir not, till you have
 heard me out!” My terror was
 beyond imagination, but unwill-
 ing to let him see it, I assumed
 spirit

spirit sufficient to promise to him, if he would return with me to the house. As I found there was no other means he consented, tho' unwillingly, and we soon arrived, (for my fears gave me wings,) and when we got into the breakfast room he claimed my promise, well knowing he had a full hour's good before Miss Penelope would be in a state to make his appearance. He began, by telling me, that from the instant he had given my hand at the altar to Lord Falbridge, he had loved me with the most unbounded

ounded passion; but that whilst
imagined his kinsman worthy
the blessing he possess'd, he
was silent,—but that since his ri-
ous waste of fortune and neg-
t of me had rendered me un-
happy, and occasioned the grief
had just been a witness of, he
thought it even a duty to offer
his heart to the loveliest of wo-
men, who could in reality hardly
look on herself as bound to one
very undeserving of her.
felt my choler rise, and with
fire flashing from my eyes,
“ungenerous Mr. Henley!” said
“how dare you thus break
thro’

thro' all the laws of hospitalit
and insult my absent Lord thro
me!—think you that I will b
come your accessory, by listeni
to imputations as injurious
they are false!—who has a rig
to arraign the conduct of Lo
Falbridge, or call in question t
use he makes of his fortune?"
saw his colour change, and alm
trembling with passion, "y
Madam, he has a right to squa
der his fortune at his pleasure,
but has he a right to lavish
endearments on another?—a
whilst Lady Falbridge is n
lected in England, to give

Lord

right

THE
ghts
Ma
start
er, "
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Vol. II

ights in his person and fortune
 Mademoiselle St. Justin!"—
 started and was about to an-
 swer, "yes, Madam, I see you are
 out to question what I advance,
 it were it not the public topic
 conversation, in England as
 Paris, this letter, this account
 written by his own hand, of the
 happiness he enjoys in his new
 choice, may prove to you the
 credit I deserve in all I advance,"
 saying this, he presented to me
 the letter, which on the first glance
 I knew to be my Lord's writing.
 I took it from him, but the in-
 stant I had it in my hand I tore
 it

it in a thousand pieces, and flinging it on the ground,—“insolent detracter!” said I, “and weak insolent!—think you, I am not to learn, that the man who is capable of seducing the wife of his friend, will be equally capable of forging letters to support the calumnies that never had existence but in his own vile imagination! But, Sir, this is our last conversation. Were I Lord here, you would not dare to affront me thus; nor shall you repeat your insult even in his absence.” Thus saying, I flung from him, and flying up to my dressing

dressing-room, I rung for my woman, telling her to call me as soon as Miss Henley was gone down into the breakfast-room, or that till then I was obliged to write. As soon as I was alone, I relieved my over-burthened heart by a violent flood of tears. I then took the resolution, which I put in practice with success, to free myself from this detested man.

As soon as my servants gave me notice Miss Henley waited for breakfast, I went down, and attended the usual compliments of the morning.

morning were over, I said to Miss
 Henley, "I am sorry, my dear
 Madam, that an unfortunate ac-
 cident prevents me from enjoying
 any longer the honour of your
 company at present, as I have
 this moment received a letter
 from Mrs. Hervey, desiring my
 instant presence at the Lodge
 as she is ill." I saw the wretch
 gave me a look that shewed I
 was not the dupe of my artifice
 and I was glad of it, but Miss Pe-
 nelope answered, "oh! my dear
 Lady Falbridge, I beg we may
 not detain you; and if your ill-
 ness will let us know when

you come back, we will immediately wait on you again." I made no answer to this, but by a flight of foot, and Mr. Henley ringing the bell gave orders for his carriage to be got ready, at the same moment as I ordered mine. We then went into our rooms to prepare, and indeed I thought Miss Henley's band boxes would never be ready. At length however, by the help of all the servants, they were stow'd into the post chaise, and Mr. Henley offered me his hand to mine, which I could not avoid accepting in the presence of his sister and

our servants. As he was leading me along, he whispered to me, with a sarcastic smile that cut me to the soul, "if your Ladyship should repent of your having so hastily torn that letter, you may equally satisfy your curiosity by looking over the morning post of the 10th of last month."—I made him no answer, but hastily stepping into my carriage, I drove off. On my arrival here, Mrs. Hervey was astonished to see me, but I told her I had not been well, and thinking change of air might be of service to me, I had taken the li-

bert

erty of anticipating her visit. I believe she thought me capricious, but I had rather pass for such in her eyes, than give her the least room to suspect the truth; for indeed it has been my constant study, ever since my fatal union with Lord Falbridge, to conceal from that excellent woman, every circumstance that could tend to make her reproach herself with a precipitancy which I am convinced arose from the best and kindest motives, tho' it has not succeeded to her wishes. To your friendly bosom alone do I confide my every sorrow,—at

least, every one which I confessed to myself;—for have I not every proof of Mrs. Mordant's discretion and friendship to,

Her affectionate,

ARABELLA FALBRIDGE

LETTE

LETTER XXXV.

MRS. MORDANT,

TO

LADY FALBRIDGE.

Beverley-Castle,

November 20.

WHAT a wretch that
Henley!—what a dupe
our Lord!—for the story that
solent fellow told you, has been
secret to no one but yourself
these several months past; and I

D 5

should.

should not even now confirm
 his report, but that I know your
heart is indifferent about the
 matter; and that the only con-
 cern you will feel, is from that
 which you take in whatever re-
 gards your Lord's honour and
 character in life. But that part
 of it that is entrusted to your
 keeping, is, I am sure, in good
 hands; and as to the rest it is his
 business to look to it. The last
 journey Mr. Mordant made for
 his guard, he had a full detail of
 it from several persons just re-
 turned from Paris, and he came
 down here with his picked face

blurred

looking

firm looking like the moon in the
your first quarter, with the uneasiness
the had given him on your ac-
count. But I soon set the mat-
ter right, and convinced him,
that fate had ordained all these
and trials to set your virtue and me-
rit in their brightest point of
view. In a few days we shall re-
move to London, where I hope
we shall not be long without en-
joying your company. I highly
approve the motive of your
concealment from my aunt; but
now did it happen, that a wo-
man of her uncommon sense
and penetration, could be so de-
ceived?

ceived? But she was in such a hurry to bestow her beloved ward upon an ape of quality,—as if rank has any thing to do with happiness;—and if I had not had more spirit than you, I might have been groaning under the weight of a coronet as well as your Ladyship. I have not forgiven Sir William yet, and I tell him every time I see him but as all men are conceited, cannot get him to believe me. Mordant however is grateful enough to you, for I always tell him, that you were the first who endeavoured to interest me

THEODOSIUS & ARABELLA. 61

is favour;—for which, my dear
Lady Falbridge, you are also en-
titled to the eternal gratitude of,

Your's,

AUGUSTA MORDANT.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVI.

M R S. H E R V E Y,

T O

M R S. W I L M O T,

Hill-Street

February 14.

WHAT unhappiness is
mine, my dearest friend

What are the reproaches of my
own mind, when I reflect upon
the conduct of Lord Falbridge
and the cruel fate in which I

have

have involved one of the most amiable young women in the world! Her manner of conducting herself is really exemplary, and her behavior to me is delicate beyond expression; for she endeavours to conceal from me, every circumstance that she thinks might tend to make me uneasy. I was very certain something extraordinary had happened, when she came so suddenly to the Lodge, but she never gave the least hint on the subject; and I took care not to make an indiscreet enquiry. I heard the other day, that the expences

expences of that weak man of
 his idol, astonish the Parisians
 but too well accustomed to the
 lavish extravagance of our coun-
 trymen, towards those enchant-
 ing syrens of their opera. The
 say, the Hotel of Mademoiselle
 St. Justin, is quoted as a model
 of taste and magnificence; and
 that my Lord has made her
 present of so splendid an equi-
 page, that she has received an
 order from the Queen not to ap-
 pear in it. I own I am very
 glad Theodosius is coming to
 England, for I think the conse-
 quence much to be feared, we

to remain in the same country.

He has never mentioned him in his letters to me; but as Mr. Mordant and he correspond, it is probable he has been more communicative to him. I have the satisfaction of hearing, that his health is much improved, an event I scarce hoped for when I set out; this, and the happiness of my niece, in her well-joined match, are really the only consolations of,

Your affectionate,
CHARLOTTE HERVEY.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVII.

THE SAME TO THE SAME

Hill-Street

February 21

I Have to inform you, my dear friend, of Grey's safe return to this country. Yesterday morning as I was at breakfast, a porter brought me the most elegant desert set of Sevres china I ever saw and a letter, which I knew to be in Grey's hand. He told me therein

herein, that he arrived late the night before, much fatigued; but that he should, if I would permit him, satisfy his impatience by paying his respects to me by waiting on me before dinner; and in the mean time he hoped would do him the favour of accepting that trifling mark of remembrance from the most grateful and obliged of men.

Very fortunately, I had engaged Mr. and Mrs. Mordant to dine with me; I therefore wrote him an answer, desiring his company at dinner, delighting in the idea

idea of giving his friends f agreeable a surprize. However he arrived before them, and I d assure you, tho' accustomed t him, I was as much struck a his entering the room, as if I ha seen him for the first time. is impossible to conceive, m dear Mrs. Wilmot, what an a vantageous alteration his jou ney to France, and his residen there, has made in his perso and manner. He had on a pla blue frock, white waistcoat a breeches, and his hair elegant dressed; but it is certain he much adorns every thing

wea

years, that I think I never saw
 so fine a figure in my life. He is
 still rather pale, and the languor
 that is spread over his counte-
 nance renders him yet the more
 interesting; but what I chiefly
 admired in him is, that altho' just
 returned from Paris, he has no
 superfluous trinket,—for he
 has not learnt to take snuff to
 new a fine snuff box, nor does he
 wear two watches loaded with
 jewels:—but there is a noble
 simplicity in his dress, that be-
 speaks the same in his mind. Our
 meeting was extremely tender
 and affectionate, and I was highly
 satisfied

satisfied with the remarks he
 made on the country he
 had just left. In the midst of
 our conversation, my niece and
 nephew were announced. Mor-
 dant and he flew into each other's
 arms, and after the first emo-
 tions of joy were over, he present-
 ed him to Mrs. Mordant, to
 whom he paid his compliments
 in the most respectful manner;
 but I could not help thinking
 she betrayed some little confusion
 on the occasion; —certain it is
 she blushed exceedingly. After
 dinner, I produced my present to
 my guests, who were highly de-
 lighted.

A. highted with it, and paid Grey
 h many compliments on his taste.
 t o In the course of conversation, he
 an old us, that his friend, the
 Mor Comte deLa Riviere, had accom-
 her panied him to England, and
 not begg'd my permission to intro-
 sent duce him to me; to which I
 t, t consented with pleasure. Mr.
 nem Mordant exprefs'd great satis-
 nner faction at this intelligence, as it
 king seems that gentleman is a friend
 fusion of his; and they agreed to go
 it together to him, and by my de-
 After we invite him to dine here to
 ent day.

ly do
 ighted
 In

In consequence of my invitation they came, and indeed I am highly pleased with that agreeable Frenchman. He is extremely polite and sensible, and speaks our language in its greatest elegance. Whilst we were drinking our coffee, as I observed Grey busy in conversation with Mr. and Mrs. Mordant, I took that occasion to chat with the Comte, intending to question him a little; but he anticipated me by complimenting me on the merit of my relation, (as he called him) who he said did honour his Country by the manner

whi

which he had conducted himself in Paris. "Nor," said he, "can I conceive, Madam, how it was possible for a young man of his age, and with such a person, to pass several months in such a City as Paris, without once falling into the various snares that are spread by both sexes for the unwary;—but," added he, "Mr. Grey has all the graces of youth, and all the solidity of mature age."

They staid with me till seven Clock, and on their retiring, I took up my pen to give this in-

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formation to a friend, who takes
share in every thing that relates
to her affectionate,

CHARLOTTE HERVE

LETTER

LETTER XXXVIII.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

March 8.

AH! my dear Mrs. Wilmot,
I have an event to relate
to you, which I fear will destroy
my tranquillity for the rest of my
life; tho' I stand justified in my
own conscience as to my inten-
tion.—But not to keep you any
longer in suspense.—Yesterday,

as Mr. Grey and I had just got up into the drawing-room, after dinner, a servant came in, and told Theodosius there was a gentleman in the parlour who desired to speak with him, but would not give his name.—On hearing this, I ordered the servant to shew him up, and he immediately returned, introducing a very well looking man, who seem'd somewhat turn'd of fifty.—On seeing me, he started, and said, “Sir, I should be much obliged to you, if you would favour me with a few minutes private conversation.” “Sir,” said

Grey

Grey, "if it is any thing where-
 in you wish to command me for
 yourself, I am ready to attend
 you; but if I alone am concerned
 in the business that procures me
 the honour of your visit, you
 may speak freely before this
 lady, to whom nothing that re-
 lates to me is a secret." The
 Gentleman then began, "I
 think, Sir, if I am not mistaken,
 your name must be Grey?" "it is,
 Sir," — "Theodosius Grey, is it
 not?" — "yes, Sir," — "and pray,
 young gentleman, were you not
 born in North America?" — "I
 was," — "and in what Town?" —

“in Boston” — “from whence you were carried prisoner, were you not?” — Seeing Theodosius begin to look much surprized at this long catechism, “a moment’s patience, Sir,—be kind enough to answer me to my last question,” “it is true, Sir,” said Theodosius, “I was made prisoner there,” — “then, Sir,” said he, “permit me to tell you, that you were not born in Boston, but in New York;—believe me,” said he, falling on his neck and shedding a flood of tears, “believe a father, who scarce knows how to credit his own happiness

in finding a long lost son restored to him; and to see in him the living image of a beloved and lamented wife!"

Our astonishment was, as you may imagine, beyond all expression; but Grey, giving way to the emotion of his heart, fell on his knees before his father, and with tears entreated him to confirm his happiness, by giving him every particular that could tend to prove that he was really blest with the presence of a parent. "I will," I will, said he, remove every doubt, but first sa-

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satisfy me on one important point—Arabella Grey, my niece, who was made prisoner with you, is she still living, and shall I see her?”

The young man started, and replied, “you are mistaken, Sir. I have a sister of that name who was made prisoner with me:”—“Oh! no, no, Theodosius, you are deceived, that Arabella Grey is not your sister, but your cousin, she is my brother’s daughter.”—He had scarce finished these words, than Grey whose countenance had begun

to change to the most deadly paleness, suddenly fell on the carpet, at his father's feet, without sense or motion..

Never did I see distress equal to that of the poor old gentleman!—He wrung his hands, and weeping bitterly over him, he continued saying, “oh! miserable father! — I have lost my son in the instant of recovering him!”

Terrified to death at this scene, I was obliged to ring for the servants, who raised him.

and laid him on a sofa; after which I made them retire. His father and myself used all our endeavours to recall him to his senses, but for some time without the least effect; at length however, he opened his eyes, and after raising them to heaven, whilst the tears streamed down his cheeks, he cast them towards me with a look of unutterable anguish, and said, with a faint voice, "oh! Mrs. Hervey, what have you done?" The old gentleman's terrors now changed their object, and turning to me, he said, "dear Madam, what is it?"

it? — what am I to imagine? — is my poor niece dead?”

Seeing Theodosius was yet unable to answer, I replied, tho’ I was scarce in a better condition myself, “oh! no, Sir, she is living, but she is unfortunately married!” — “Unfortunately, indeed,” said he, with some warmth, “if she be married at all, for I always hoped to see her the wife of Theodosius.” This speech seemed to redouble Grey’s affliction, and laying his hand on his heart, he uttered a deep groan, and said, “oh! this is indeed
past

past all power of bearing!"—then looking wildly round him, and putting his hand to his head, "What is all this?—sure it must be a dream! where am I?"—His father used the tenderest expressions to soothe him; and said, "endeavour to compose yourself my dear Theodosius, and I will satisfy you to the utmost." He then began in the following manner.

"Our family has for many years been established at New York, where they were well looked on. My father at his

death

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"My

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our fati

widow,

or ha

death left my brother and me, who were all the children he had, in good business; this brother was my elder by several years, but altho' we were the very opposites in character, my fondness for him was so excessive, that he could not avoid making some return to it, and we were quoted as patterns of fraternal affection."

"My brother, who loved money beyond all things, soon after our father's death, married a rich widow, whom he neither loved nor hated, and with whom he
was

was neither happy nor unhappy; by this Lady he had several children, who all died in their infancy; the last was Arabella, of whom she herself died in childhood.

“Shortly after my brother’s marriage, I had the imprudence (if it can be called so) to make a match with a young woman who had no other portion than the most amiable character I ever knew, and the most perfect beauty I ever beheld; of this I said he sighing, “I can give you some idea,” and pulling a picture

from his bosom, he unfastened it from the ribband where it hung, and gave it into the hand of Mr. Grey, — the large blue eyes, the dark eye-brows, and the turn of the whole countenance, bore a sufficient testimony of the picture's being in reality that of his mother. Grey gazed for a few minutes tenderly on it, then pressing it to his lips, he returned it to his father, who thus went on with his story.

“My dear Fanny,” said he, “never brought me any other child than this son, who was born in

in the first year of our marriage and to whom, (tho' he did not approve the match) my brother stood god-father, and gave him his own name. I used often to tell him the wish of my heart was to live to see our children united, and as I was then in prosperous circumstances, he did not disapprove the scheme. But two years after, the face of my affairs altered, — my partner in England failed, and went off to Holland; and whether from ill fortune, or villainy, I know not but certain it is, I found myself entirely ruined by it."

"I

"In this deplorable situation, I
 determined to go to England, to
 see what I could do in the wreck
 of my affairs, or to seek some
 new means of living; and I de-
 termined to leave my son under
 my brother's care. My wife was
 extremely averse to this scheme,
 but on my representing, that in
 every respect it would be better
 for us, and for the child, she at
 length consented. I then went
 to my brother, and intreated him
 to charge himself with my son,
 at least till I saw what turn my
 affairs would take. "Turn,"
 said he, "indeed, why what turn
 do

do you think they can take with a man that has been fool enough to marry a beggar for her beauty; however," said he, "Tom, as I have a great kindness for you, I will take the boy; — but as I should not chuse, as things are, that these children should take liking to each other, and play the fool as you have done, I shall breed them up as brother and sister, — at least till I have married the girl; and if any thing should happen to you in the mean time, I shall take care, if I die before, to set it clear enough in my will."

"Th

“This was not a very pleasing manner of granting my request, but necessity obliged me to comply with these conditions; and as we were well known in the whole City, and that it would have been difficult to put his project in execution, he resolved to quit New York and go and settle at Boston, where his wife had some rich relations, from whom he had some expectations for his daughter;—and as he was retired from business all places were alike to him.”

“Soon

“Soon after I came to England and found my partner’s affairs more desperate than I had ever imagined at first; but by means of friends I got recommended to go to the East Indies, where by my industry, and the blessing of providence, I have in the course of eighteen years, amass’d a much larger fortune than I ever before was master of. But this could not make me happy! I had lost my Fanny! and my anxiety about my poor boy, left me no rest.”

"I had written to my brother on
 my setting out for India, and again
 on my arrival there, but I never
 got any answers, tho' I conti-
 nued writing from time to time.
 About two years ago I wrote to
 a friend at New-York, whom I
 knew to have some connexions
 at Boston, and from him I
 learnt, that my brother died sud-
 denly on a visit he was making
 to the country some years before,
 and that it was said his children
 had been made prisoners by a
 party of English, but what was
 become of them was never
 known."

"This

“This account threw me into the utmost despair. I determined to come to Europe to settle my affairs entirely, and from thence to take shipping for America, & endeavour at least to make some discovery, (difficult as it would be) concerning the children. I arrived safely here about three weeks ago; and yesterday, I was returning home from Change, I accidentally dropt at a Coffee-House near the Temple. I had not been long there, when two young Gentlemen came in, and sat down at a table near me.”

“Af

"After reading the papers, and
 talking over indifferent matters,
 one said to the other, "a-propos,
 have you seen Theodosius Grey
 since his return from Paris?"
 "yes," said his friend, "I have,
 he is quite recovered, and I
 think if possible he is handsomer
 than ever." "Tis true," said the
 first "he is the handsomest Ame-
 rican I ever saw in my life, but
 'tis a pity there is such a melan-
 choly coldness in his look and
 manner." "Ah!" replied the
 other, "there is no accounting
 for the difference of dispositions;
 besides, Grey may have some-
 thing

thing upon his mind ; for I don't know what, but I have heard some confused story of his being made prisoner when he was a child."

"The beginning of their discourse had engaged my attention as you may imagine ; but when they had got so far I could no longer conceal my emotion. I approached them, and said, "Gentlemen, I beg pardon for breaking in upon your conversation, but if I may be so bold to ask you the abode of the Gentleman you have been speaking

f, you will render both him and
 me a service in telling it me; as
 have something of great conse-
 quence to impart to him.

The two gentlemen both an-
 swered in a breath, that they
 should be very glad to render any
 service to Mr. Grey, who was a
 very deserving young fellow, for
 whom they had the greatest es-
 teem. They then gave me a di-
 rection to your chambers, saying,
 they were your neighbours in
 the Temple, but that they
 were not so intimate with you as
 they could wish, because you
 were

were of a very reserved temper and rather avoided than sought the society people of your age are generally fond of. The advised me however, to defer my visit till next day, as it was not the hour to find you; and added, that if you were not in your chambers, I might be sure to hear of you at Mrs. Hervey in Hill-Street, a Lady of great fashion and fortune, whom she believed was some sort of relation to you."

"Notwithstanding my impatience, I determined to put off my

visit till to-day, as I was quite in
 undress, and not fit to appear
 before a Lady, if in case I did not
 find my son at home, as indeed
 happened; for on calling at your
 chambers I was directed here,
 here, thanks to heaven! I have
 found what I have so long sought,
 and so anxiously desired. But"
 added he, "there is another cir-
 cumstance I forgot to mention,
 which proves now to be a mate-
 rial one, tho' at that time it seem'd
 of little consequence.—Before I
 left New York, I had the precau-
 tion to take a copy from the
 church register, of the birth and

baptism of Arabella Grey and yourself, properly attested by the church-warden and clerk, so that you may thereby be fully satisfied of the degree of relationship between you. And I must owe to you, it is a great disappointment to me to find your cousin is married; as it would have completed my happiness, I have pass'd the remainder of my life with you both, after many troubles as I have gone thro'."

All the while his father had been speaking, Grey had listen

to him with the greatest attention, tho' he was plunged in the deepest melancholy; but at these last words, he said, turning away his face, "oh! Sir, for heaven's sake spare me!—I am no longer able to conceal a passion, the struggling against which has already brought me to the brink of the grave; but I find," said he again shedding tears, "spite of myself, I must be criminal!—Ah! my dear Sir, my heart has but too well seconded your intentions, for even from my infancy I loved that amiable creature, with a passion, the nature of

which I was at that time unconscious of; it was my friend, my benefactor, that Lady's brother turning to me, "who stopp'd me on the brink of the precipice, and shewed me the danger to which I was exposing myself."

"About a year before his death he one day called me to him and with a serious tone of voice he said, "my dear Theodosius I have ever looked on virtue to consist rather in the knowing and avoiding evil, than in the ignorance thereof; I therefore think it my duty to caution you
again

against a sentiment, which as it seems to you a laudable one, you are not upon your guard against;—but which, if too much indulged, tho' I am convinced it would never so far get the better of you as to render you criminal, would undoubtedly render you miserable. I will not enter too far into the subject, but you will sufficiently understand me, when I tell you, that to allow yourself the innocent familiarity which commonly subsists between brother and sister, will be to involve yourself and that innocent girl in the depth of misery. To a mind

which I have form'd myself, tho
 the task be severe, I will not sup
 pose it impossible, to render you
 not only responsible for your own
 conduct, but for that of Ara
 bella;—'tis your part to check
 by your future behaviour to
 wards her, the progress of a sen
 timent which the purity and in
 nocence of her mind keeps her a
 yet unconscious of;—let not the
 change be sudden enough for her
 to perceive it immediately, but
 let it be sure enough to have its
 effect. Do you but begin, and
 will ensure you, that the innate
 pride which resides in every vi

which

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tuou

the virtuous female heart, will assert it-
 self and compleat your work.
 you As soon as possible I hope to find
 own a proper match for her, but
 Arab should heaven otherwise deter-
 mine for me, you must solemnly
 r to promise never to oppose her
 a female marrying, as I shall leave her to
 and in those who will, I am sure, in
 her at every point fulfil my intentions."

or her Ah! my dear Mrs. Wilmot,
 y, but how clearly did this explain that
 ave in passage in my brother's letter,
 , and which had occasioned me so ma-
 innate my conjectures..

Grey thus continued, "what an explanation was this! I awakened as from a dream, but it was only to become more conscious of my danger, which I had endeavoured till that moment to conceal from myself. Alarmed at my situation, but unable to act with that circumspection which Mr. Selwyn recommended, I went from one extreme to another, and assumed a tone of coldness and ceremony with my sister, which I have ever since preserved. She at once perceived the alteration, and fearing she had offended me, (oh! she is a tenderne

tendernefs and delicacy!) ſhe
 ſought an explanation, but with
 a tone of indifference I told
 her, that as we were now paſt
 childhood, it would be reckoned
 an indecorum to behave to each
 other with our uſual familiarity.
 The innocent creature, accuſ-
 tomed to model her every thought
 by mine, ſubmitted in ſilence to
 my deciſion, and regulated from
 that time her behaviour on that
 which I obſerved towards her.
 But it was impoſſible for ſuch a
 change to take place without af-
 fecting a total one in my cha-
 racter;—my temper altered,—the
 gaiety

gaiety of youth disappeared, and gave place to gloom, or to an inequality of humour that would have been insupportable to any one but a friend, who knew, lamented, and allowed for the cause. But," added he, laying his hand on his breast, "I have talked too long, I must, dear Madam, ask your permission to retire, whilst you inform my father of those particulars to which he is a stranger," so saying he rose up, and retired into the room he occupied on his first coming, leaving me to give the whole

and whole detail of Lady Falbridge's
 unhappy marriage.

I then told him, (what yet I
 have never told even to you, my
 dear friend) that the scene
 which pass'd on my breaking my
 Lord's proposal to them both,
 had so entirely opened my eyes
 on their unhappy passion for
 each other, that I thought I
 could not too soon secure them
 from the effects of it, by putting
 in execution my brother's strong
 injunctions; tho' even she were
 to be rendered unhappy by it.
 We then consulted how we
 should

should bring about the discovery to Lady Falbridge, who would doubtless be as much, if not more affected at it than Theodosius; and we agreed that I should go this morning to break it to her.

But it is late, I must conclude for the present; to-morrow will resume my pen, and in the mean time I remain,

Your affectionate,

CHARLOTTE HERVEY

LETTER

LETTER XXXIX.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

March 9.

I Told you Theodosius had retired to his chamber, whilst I inform'd his father of the particulars of the marriage; but after some time, perceiving he did not return, I was uneasy and sent a servant to see for him, who brought us word Mr. Grey was
so

so ill he could not stir off his bed.
 Alarmed at this his father and I
 went up to his chamber, where
 we found him with all the symp-
 toms of a violent fever.—The
 sudden shock and surprize con-
 sidered, I could not much won-
 der at the effect it had produced
 on him, as his spirits are weak
 and his health yet unconfirmed.
 —I sent however, for my phy-
 sician, who on examining his
 pulse, ordered him to lose a little
 blood, and to be kept quiet, as-
 suring us at the same time that
 there was not the least appear-
 ance of danger. We sat up with

him

him all night, and towards the morning he fell into a calm sleep, that seemed to promise an amendment. I took that opportunity to leave his father with him, and tho' harassed to death, to go to Lady Falbridge, with whom I dreaded the interview beyond imagination.

I ordered my chair, and got there just as Lady Falbridge was going to breakfast. As I seldom went out in the morning, she was surprized to see me, but I alledged some frivolous reason that seemed to satisfy her, and we sat down

down to breakfast together. As soon as it was over, I said to her "do you know, my dear, if you have any relations living of your name in your own country?"—"Dear, Madam," said she, how it possible I should know that, in the manner I was carried away from Boston at so early an age, this I knew as well as she, but only meant it as a leading question.

"Well, Lady Falbridge," continued I, "but if there is a person here who claims the honour of being related to you, would

not be a satisfaction to you to see him."—She shook her head, and said, "I believe, Madam, that would be a very difficult affair to prove." "Not so difficult as you imagine,—you are to know then, my dear, that you have an uncle here, who longs impatiently for the pleasure of embracing you,"—"an uncle!" said she, with the utmost astonishment,—“but are you sure of it? has my brother seen him? (for I hear he is in England.)” “Yes, my dear, Theodosius has seen him;—but you must now call up all your resolution, and prepare

prepare for a discovery which will I doubt not at the first moment be infinitely painful to you."—With a deep sigh she replied, "ah! my dear Madam, there are few things in this life that can greatly affect me; I have long been reconciled to the worst that can befall me!"—"then, my dear, learn that the gentleman, whose name is also Grey, stands in a yet nearer degree of relationship to Theodosius than to you."—"Good Heavens! Madam, what mean you looking wildly on me, "in nearer degree of relationship

my brother than to myself!"—
 not to your brother, but to The-
 odosius Grey, he is only *your* un-
 cle, but he is *his* father!"—"Gra-
 cious Heavens! what do I hear?
 I do not understand you!" "well
 then, in one word, my dear, The-
 odosius Grey is not your brother,
 but your cousin."

She started from her chair, and
 clasping her hands together,
 whilst the tears gushed from her
 eyes, "Oh! no, no, no, I cannot
 be so very a wretch!—dear, Mrs.
 Hervey, have you then been ac-
 cessary to rendering me the most
 unfortunate

unfortunate of women?" — her sighs and tears here put a stop to her words, but I suffered them to take their course, without interrupting her; at length finding the excess of her feelings had for a moment suspended them, I took that opportunity to recall her reason, — "dear, unhappy Arabella!" said I, (if you will yet permit me that tender appellation) "hear me but for a moment! — I am no stranger to what passes in your heart; I have indeed been accessory as you say to your misfortune, but it was on motives which even you must justify

justify,—'tis not to day, my dear-
 ward, that I read for the first
 time, that too tender but virtu-
 ous heart;—I have long known”
 —“ah! Madam, stop I conjure
 you,” hiding her blushing face
 in my bosom, “I beg you, say no
 more, but let me entreat you, if
 I am dear to you, never, never
 let me behold the father or the
 daughter!—I cannot stand an inter-
 view! — indeed, indeed I can-
 not.”

Oh! Mrs. Wilmot, judge
 what I felt at her affecting for-
 row!—Our tears flowed so fast,
 that

that it was several moments ere we could articulate; at length she said, "you know then what I vainly thought, I concealed even from myself;—you know what a guilty wretch I have been!"—"guilty! my dear, "said not so!—I know the purity of your mind too well to injure you with such a thought!" — "No," said she, smiling thro' her tears with a look that had something angelic in it, "it were indeed wrong me!—the most perfect mankind could never create guilty sentiment!—oh! Theodosius! Theodosius! thou hast

loved of my soul!—for this one
 moment shall my lips utter the
 fondness that has so many years
 been buried in the inmost folds of
 this throbbing heart!—and oh!”
 said she, “grant heaven, this
 moment may at once conclude
 the painful conflict!”—Her tears
 now flowed afresh, but notwith-
 standing all my entreaties, I
 could not prevail with her to see
 her uncle, till I plainly proved to
 her, that an event of this sort,
 being too remarkable to be kept
 private, would have a strange
 appearance in the eyes of the
 world, (and even to her Lord,
 Vol. II. G when

when he should know it,) were she to refuse to admit so near a relation. After a long debate it was agreed, I should present him to her this afternoon. I then returned home, leaving her to indulge a grief, which in so gentle and patient a mind, I knew would not exceed the bounds of reason.

On my arrival I found the father and son together, but the gloom that hung on Theodosius soon convinced me, we should have much more trouble to bring him to reason than Lady Fa-

bridge

bridge; however, his fever is
 gone off, tho' he is still exces-
 sively weak. I found an oppor-
 tunity of speaking to Mr. Grey
 alone, and I easily persuaded him,
 that after he had seen his niece,
 it would be proper to engage his
 attention as soon as possible in some
 pursuit that should take his mind
 off from a circumstance that
 might otherwise be very fatal to
 him. "I have already thought of
 it, Madam," said he;—"as I have
 brought over my whole fortune,
 I mean to purchase an estate in
 some County in England, (for I
 shall never return to a Country

which has renounced its allegiance to its sovereign,) therefore, in a very few days, I shall propose to my son to accompany me on that tour, which will indisputably tend to restore his health and divert his mind.

As soon as dinner was over, I ordered the horses to be put to and Mr. Grey, the elder, telling his son he should be back in a short time, we went out together after desiring him to wait on my return. I own I dreaded the interview; but I had not done justice to one of the most gentle

but

but one of the firmest minds I
ever met with.

Lady Falbridge was sitting in
her drawing room to receive us,
and on our coming in, she rose
up, and advanced a step or two
towards her uncle; but her legs
failed her, and she fell back on
her chair. The good old gen-
tleman flew to her, and clasped
her to his bosom, calling her his
dear, dear niece, and lavishing on
her every epithet of tenderness.
She returned his endearments,
and looking on him with the
most melancholy softness, "You

are, Sir," said she, "I find, informed of my sad story;—that secret which has never past my lips, is known to you!—But if I am dear to you, let me entreat you to watch carefully over your unhappy son!—For me the lot is cast,—condemned to suffer the fate I submitted to by my own consent, I have no right to complain!—but Theodosius!—how will he support it?—dear Sir, know his temper, and how exquisite his sensibility, tho' concealed under an appearance of the greatest coldness;—remove him far from me, I entreat you, for

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am convinced, a meeting would be fatal to us both." Her uncle satisfied her mind by communicating to her his plan; and after about an hour's conversation, they took leave of each other with tears on both sides, and we returned together to Hill-Street.

All the way home Mr. Grey talk'd with raptures of his niece's beauty and understanding; and bitterly lamented the unfortunate obstacle that opposed her happiness and that of his beloved Theodosius. When we got home, we found young Grey sitting ex-
 G 4 actly

actly where we left him, but on our coming in he rose up. We enquired after his health, he answered with his usual coldness that he was very well; and on the whole his behaviour was such as would have cheated an indifferent spectator into the belief that his grief was entirely subsided. But I knew better,—I knew his temper was such, that when his mind was most agitated he could command himself, not permit any part of his inward sufferings to appear.

Ye

Yet I own I fear him,—his
 passions are violent, and his
 health weak; and I shall not be
 at ease till his father and he are
 set out, which will be in the
 beginning of the week. I have
 written you a very long letter,
 but in talking of the sorrows of
 others, I have said nothing of
 those which prey on the heart of,

Your affectionate,

CHARLOTTE HERVEY.

G 5 LETTER.

LETTER XL.

M R S. W I L M O T,

T O

M R S. H E R V E Y.

March 15

WHAT concern have you
 last letters occasioned
 me, my dear friend; and what
 astonishment have they created
 —Good Heavens! what human
 prudence could ward against

event

events of so extraordinary a nature?—How I pity these young people, especially poor Theodosius! for let the men talk what they will of their fortitude, supposing the suffering equal, women support evils with infinitely more fortitude than men. But what think you of Mr. Wilmot, when I had communicated your letter to him? “oh! oh!” said he, “so Mrs. Hervey and I were of a mind I see!—why I very soon guessed that they were in love with each other, and I could not imagine how the devil it should happen that two
such

such well disposed young people
 should get such an odd twist.
 But Mr. Grey, the father, is ar-
 rived very opportunely to set
 them right: I don't repent of
 the advice I gave Mrs. Hervey,
 notwithstanding it has turned
 out so ill."—But what a steady
 love of virtue, my dear, must
 they have both had to adhere so
 long to such a plan of behaviour
 as they had laid down! I own I
 think their merit is extraordi-
 nary. I am not quite clear
 whether Mr. Selwyn was right
 to open the young man's eyes
 upon a passion that might have

ever

ever laid dormant, but he is justified by the event, and that is sufficient; besides, as he very justly observed, he knew the heart he had formed, and minds of great generosity ought to be treated with great frankness.

I am in the utmost pain about Lady Falbridge,—to be so entirely abandoned by her husband too,—for I understand she is yet at Paris!—what a cruel situation!

I shall be impatient 'till I hear from you again, and hope you will

134 THEODOSIUS & ARABELLA.

will not long with-hold that satisfaction from

Your affectionate,

LUCY WILMOT

LETTER

LETTER XLI.

MRS. HERVEY,

T O

MRS. WILMOT.

April 2.

I Have been so engross'd by Mr.
Grey and his unfortunate fa-
E mily, that it has not been in my
power to answer you as soon as
I could wish. Various affairs in-
tervened that prevented his set-
ting

ting out at the time he intended
 I think I never saw a father idolize a son in the manner he does and Theodosius seems as fond of his father as he is capable of in his present situation. But there is no raising him from the gloom that hangs on his mind; totally absorbed in his own melancholy reflections, he seems not to regard any thing that passes about him; but what I observe with pain is, that altho' he endeavours to conceal it, he cannot forget how unfortunately instrumental I have been in dividing him from

from the object of his affections.

Poor Lady Falbridge has a variety of sorrows to call off her attention from this one in particular;—her Lord's extravagance has impaired his fortune most dreadfully, and indeed I know not what will be the end of it. My niece does all she can to comfort her, but indeed she bears her trials with a patience that seems to render all comfort superfluous. Mordant on the other hand has tried the utmost with Theodosius, but without the least

least success; and the other day he told me, for the first time, that he had always suspected Grey's sentiments, tho' he scarcely dared to confess to himself that he did suspect them.

They sat out yesterday for Bath, and I believe their tour will last some months;—at least I hope so. They are accompanied by the Comte De La Riviere, who it seems was desirous of seeing that City, and who intends passing some weeks there. I now divide my time between Lady Falbridge and my niece, who

whose hour draws on apace.

Adieu! my dear friend, believe

me ever your own,

CHARLOTTE HERVEY.

LETTER

LETTER XLII.

MRS. HERVEY,

T O

MRS. WILMOT.

April 8.

IT is well that some pleasing events intervene to render the chequer'd scene of life supportable. Mrs. Mordant has made us all happy, by giving an heir to the family, of which they are

so fond, that I think they run the risk of killing it with their over care. Yet I know not why I say that, for my niece herself performs the office of nurse, and acquits herself admirably well. —But there are so many nurses, and so many attendants, and such hourly enquiries from Sir William and my Lady, that I am only afraid they will turn a blessing into a punishment.

I have had letters from Mr. Grey, the father, and the Comte De La Riviere, they give me but an indifferent account of Theodosius;

dosius; it is with the utmost difficulty they can get him to the rooms, where he will neither play nor dance, and as soon as ever he perceives that he attracts notice, (as he never fails to do wherever he appears) he takes the opportunity of slipping from them and retiring to his lodgings. I find from Mordant that Theodosius does not correspond even with him, which is a fresh proof how much his mind is hurt, since he rejects even the soothing offices of friendship. Mr. Grey, the elder, is much delighted with Bath, but as he

fo

son seems tired of it, he says he shall leave it soon and go to Berkshire, where he has heard of an estate which he thinks will suit him.

I sincerely wish he was well settled in the country; for moderate exercise, and rural amusements, that tend to dissipate and not fatigue the mind, are the only chances he has of recovering his tranquillity. Adieu! My dear friend, I am summoned to my niece,

Your's,

CHARLOTTE HERVEY.

LETTER

LETTER XLIII.

L O R D F A L B R I D G E

T O

M R. H E N L E Y,

Paris,

April

HENLEY, I am distracted
—my brain is all on fire
oh! that perfidious fyren, on
whom I have lavished fortune
—reputation, — all that ma
holds dear!—This morning go

in Vol.

ing to visit her at an unusual
 hour, oh ! Henley ! can I speak it ?
 I found her in the arms of the
 Prince De — ! His life or mine
 must pay the injury he has done
 me !

We are this instant setting
 out for the Frontiers, if I am
 happy enough to triumph, I
 shall return to Paris, to fetch
 away that Enchantress,—with-
 out whom I cannot live;—and
 then immediately for England !
 If I fall this is my last. Adieu !

FALBRIDGE.

LETTER XLIV.

MRS. HERVEY,

TO

MRS. WILMOT.

April 12

JUST Heavens! my dear friend, what an event is this! I was scarce out of bed this morning when I was told Lady Falbridge had sent to beg my company as soon as possible.

hastene

hastened thither with the utmost expedition; but on my entering I found the whole house in disorder. My Lord's valet de chambre had arrived the night before, with the news of his master's death!—It seems he had fought with the Prince De — on account of the perfidious St. Justin. — They went together to Brussels, where his antagonist, at the very first thrust, laid him dead at his feet.

I had received this intelligence before I was introduced to my Lady, who behaves on this oc-

cation, as she has on every other,
 with propriety, good sense, and
 resolution. She was in tears
 when I came in;—I did not en-
 deavour to stop them, for they
 were the tears of humanity, tho'
 not affection.—She spoke of her
 Lord with pity, and said that
 she had always made a wide dis-
 tinction between a weak cha-
 racter and a bad one.—That she
 believed Lord Falbridge had ever
 been unhappy in his connexions,
 and had suffered himself to be
 betrayed by persons who had
 worked on the easiness of his
 temper,

temper, to lure him on to his ruin.

I staid with her the whole day, and I believe she will immediately retire to Shrubby-Hill, to avoid being present when the body of her unfortunate Lord shall arrive, for his valet de chambre had given orders for it to be brought over before he set out, and then took post and travelled day and night. But what makes this unfortunate man the more to blame is, that he had laid his scheme, in case he had killed his adversary, to go back to Paris

for his mistress, with whom he intended returning to England. This the valet de chambre told me in confidence, but as you may suppose I shall say nothing of it to her Ladyship. I am just come home, and tho' it is late I have written to Mr. Grey, the elder, who will, I imagine, come to town; but I have advised him by no means to permit his son to attend him, as I know Lady Falbridge so well, that I am sure she would not admit him. Adieu my dear, I shall write again soon.

CHARLOTTE HERVEY

LETTER

LETTER XLV.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Shrubby-Hill,

April 22.

LADY Falbridge and myself arrived here three days ago. The day before we left London, she received a visit from the new Lord, her brother-in-law, who set out immediately from Ireland, on receiving the news of his brother's death. He had never before

seen his sister-in-law, for my Lord and he had always lived on very distant terms, owing to a difference in their political principles. His behaviour was extremely polite, and even respectful; and he seemed much struck with the manner in which Lady Falbridge received him. Before he left her, she gave up to him all her jewels, saying, she had received and worn them in quality of Lord Falbridge's wife; but that claim being at an end, it was but just they should return to his family;—nor could all my Lord's entreaties prevail

on

on her to keep them. He expresses'd his admiration to me, at this piece of generosity, in very high terms, but I confess it did not in the least surprize me.

The house where we now are is her jointure-house, she having made choice of it rather than of that in Portman-Square. As I have business in Town I shall return thither the beginning of the week, for a few days, and imagine I shall find Mr. Grey there; for he wrote me word, that the instant he had got rid of a slight fit of the rheumatism,

that had confined him to his room for about ten days, he should immediately set out.

Lady Falbridge seems rather sorry that I have written to her uncle, but neither she nor I have once mentioned her cousin; tho I am sure Mr. Wilmot will say he has been thought of, if not spoken of.— Be that as it will, I have fresh opportunities every hour of admiring the judgment and good sense of this amiable young woman; and I doubt not but in every circumstance of life she will conduct herself with the

fame

same propriety as she has in the
very trying ones she has hitherto
gone thro'. Adieu! my dear
friend, my next will be from
Hill-Street.

Your's,

CHARLOTTE HERVEY.

LETTER

LETTER XLVI.

THE SAME TO THE SAME

Hill-Street,

April 28.

ON my arrival here last night, I was surprized to find the two Mr. Grey's, father and son, waiting for me; they had got here about an hour before me. I saw a certain satisfaction in the countenance of the father, which he did not

take

take much pains to conceal; but the same melancholy as usual clouded that of the son.

When the first compliments were over, he asked if his niece was in Town, and when he could see her? I told him I had just left her at Shrubby-Hill, whither I hoped he would accompany me as soon as the business that brought me to town was finished.—“With all my heart,” said he, “we shall be ready to attend you whenever you please,”—“we, Sir,” said I, “surely you do not propose”—
 “oh!

“oh! Mrs. Hervey,” replied he hastily, “I know what you are going to say, but I cannot see the least impropriety in my niece’s receiving a visit from her cousin, as well as her uncle;—for is not one her relation as much as the other?” but” added he, “if you say two words more on the subject, there will be no getting Theodosius to go I am sure, for I had trouble enough to persuade him to come to Town. Young Grey then answered, in a low voice, “Mrs. Hervey need have no fears on my account, for I certainly shall not think of intruding

truding in on Lady Falbridge, without her permission,"—This was a refinement by no means to his father's taste,—he shook his head, and said, "ah! Theodosius, Theodosius, you may say what you will, but I shall never be easy till I see you and Arabella together." I was obliged at last to plead her health, and to assure him, that she was in much too weak a state to bear the sudden surprize of such an unexpected visit.

This argument seemed to have some weight with the father,
and

and absolutely determined the son; "but," said I, smiling, "as I wish to make my peace with Theodosius, if he will entrust me with a letter to his cousin, I will take upon me to deliver it." "True, madam," said his father, "it will be very proper that he should write; I approve your proposal; what say you to it, Theodosius?"—Poor Grey's face was overspread with blushes,—I really pitied his confusion, but he consented with more pleasure than he made appear.

We agreed to set out on Thursday, if my affairs are concluded by that time, which I imagine they will; but I fear the impetuosity of our worthy American, who is all impatience for bringing the two young people together! however, I know Lady Salbridge will bring him to reason, better than I can.—I shall leave her to act entirely for herself. Adieu! my dear friend,

Your's,

CHARLOTTE HERVEY.

LETTER

LETTER XLVII.

MR. THEODOSIUS GREY

T O

LADY FALBRIDGE —bu
—ah
Mad
you t

M A D A M,

INDULGED with our porta
friend Mrs. Hervey's perm pinef
sion of writing to you, in wha check
terms must I address you?—Is least
a compliment of condolence dare
Lady Falbridge which is reppor
quire

quired,—or the effusions of a heart
 overflowing with the tenderest
 sentiments for the most amiable
 and most beloved of women?—
 Those sentiments which have so
 long subsisted in silence, and
 which are so newly authoris'd!
 —but are they indeed authoris'd?
 —ah! Arabella, — (pardon me,
 Madam, if I forget myself) it is
 you that must determine that im-
 portant point on which my hap-
 piness depends!—Accustomed to
 check every tender thought, (at
 least to attempt to check it,) I
 dare not now avail myself of this
 opportunity of laying open my
 heart!

heart! — It is you that must decide! — It is you that must, by one word, fix the fate of

Your ever devoted,

THEODOSIUS GREY.

LETTER

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LETTER XLVIII.

LADY FALBRIDGE,

TO

MR. THEODOSIUS GREY.

S I R,

I Could have wished the letter you have favoured me with, had been deferr'd for some time longer; as you must yourself be conscious, that at this present juncture, it would be improper

proper for me to write, or to pronounce that word on which you say your happiness depends.—Let me also add, that at any other, it will be superfluous; since from your own heart, you must judge that of,

Your affectionate kinswoman,

And most obedient servant,

ARABELLA FALBRIDGE

LETTER

LETTER XLIX.

MRS. HERVEY,

TO

MRS. WILMOT.

Shrubby-Hill,

May 14.

THE meeting between the
uncle and niece was ex-
tremely affectionate, but it was
with much difficulty I kept the
anxious Mr. Grey from menti-
oning his son. As soon as we
were

were alone, I said to her, "I had almost forgot, I have a letter for your Ladyship."—"A letter, Madam, pray from whom?" "Nay, I will not anticipate, here it is."—She started, and blushed on seeing the well-known characters on the address, and said, "Mrs. Hervey, you surprize me! ought I to read it?"—"Be assured, my dear," said I, "that were it improper for you to read, I should not have been the channel thro which you would have received it."—She said no more, but with a trembling hand broke the seal and as she read I saw her face

over

Vol.

overspread with blushes, and the tears streamed from her eyes.

When she had finished it, she gave it into my hand, "See here, my dear Madam, what must I answer?" — "I leave that to yourself, my dear, but on this occasion, as on every other, act up to the noble sincerity of your character; and remember, that altho' the established custom prevents you for a certain time from bestowing your hand, it would be an unnecessary affection to deny the sentiments which are so perfectly justified by the merits

of the object which inspires them, and which are so well authorized by the desire of your uncle, who has placed his happiness in the hopes of seeing his son and you united."

"Ah! dear Madam," said she, "you know not what difficulties I have to surmount, tho' every obstacle is removed!—I have been from my very childhood so accustomed to curb those sentiments which yet I was never able to conquer, that I know not how it is, but I cannot even now persuade myself it is permitted

me

me to give way to them. However, I will write to Mr. Grey, but I entreat you by no means to consent to his visiting me for some time to come.

I promised her he should not, but whether I shall be able to keep that promise I am not certain; for Mr. Grey is not to be kept within bounds. I apprehend he will bring about the meeting much sooner than Lady Falbridge wishes. Theodosius's letter, tho' very short, is expressive and respectful, — Lady Falbridge's

bridge's answer delicate and proper.

Mr. Grey's stay will now be very short, but he tells his niece, altho' to oblige her he will take his son down to Berkshire for two or three months, yet in her turn she must oblige him, by consenting to receive their joint visit in their way down. He pressed her so much on the subject, feeling she hesitated, that at last she consented, and said to him, "it shall be as you please, Sir."—The old Gentleman at this could not contain his joy, he got up, and kissing

kissing her cheek with rapture, he said, "that is my dear niece! my dear daughter!—for I am sure you will not be long before you consent to make us all happy."

"Dear Sir," replied Lady Falbridge, "how can you be so precipitate!—you know there is yet a long time before I can with decency listen to a proposal of that nature!" "Why niece," said Mr. Grey, impatiently, "sure, sure you do not mean to make my poor boy wait the expiration of your twelvemonth, after all he has suffered on your account?"

count?" — "Our sufferings, weighed," replied Lady Falbridge, gravely, "perhaps mine might be found to equal his! but that is nothing to the purpose. I was induced, much against my consent, to give my hand to Lord Falbridge, but I must ever in justice to him acknowledge, that he shewed both affection and generosity in his marriage with me, and in his behaviour for some time after. Though unable to conquer that aversion which I had at first conceived, yet I did my duty to the utmost, but duty is, after all, a poor return

for

for love;—I must therefore, in some measure, attribute to myself the errors into which he fell. —My involuntary coldness was the first cause of them,—too violent passions, and too great easiness of temper did the rest, —I will therefore never consent to any act that may wear the appearance of disrespect to his memory; and tho’,” casting down her eyes, “I own Mr. Grey’s happiness to be the first wish of my heart; yet I am so well acquainted with his way of thinking, that I doubt not in the least but he himself will fortify me in

my intentions of complying with all those laws, which decency, and respect to my deceased Lord, impose on me."

"What a woman is this! Mrs. Hervey," said her uncle, turning to me, "can you wonder that I am impatient to secure the possession of such a treasure to my son!—But, niece, say however, that you consent to be his at the year's end!"—"Ah! Sir," said she smiling and blushing, what need is there to say it?"—This occasioned fresh raptures from Mr. Grey, who now talks of nothing

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but settlements and preparations,
as if the time was already come ;
tho' Lady Falbridge entreats him
to change the subject whenever
he begins.

Adieu ! my dear Mrs. Wilmot,
I shall not write again till our
lovers have met, which will not
I suppose be very long first.

Your affectionate,

CHARLOTTE HERVEY.

LETTER L.

MRS. HERVEY,

T O

MRS. WILMOT.

June 12.

WELL, my dear friend,
this interview, so dreaded
and so wished for, is over. Some
days after my last, Mr. Grey went
to Town, and wrote us word he
should return to Berkshire early
in

in June, and meant, (as he had agreed) to take Shrubby-Hill in his way.

As he did not mention the day he should be here, poor Lady Falbridge was kept in perpetual terrors; but at length, as I was standing at the window four days ago, I saw a carriage drive up the avenue, which I knew to be Mr. Grey's. I told it immediately to Lady Falbridge, who was reading at the other end of the room; I had no sooner spoke than the book fell out of her hand, and she came up to me,

me, "oh! Mrs. Hervey, what shall I do? I never shall have courage to stand the meeting!"—At that instant the door opened, and the two Mr. Greys made their appearance.—But how shall I describe the scene!—the father advanced towards Lady Falbridge, who stood pale and trembling, and totally unable to speak,—whilst young Grey, yet paler than her, with his eyes cast on the ground, stood motionless as a statue, till his father said to him, "speak to your cousin, Theodosius!—Lady Falbridge, will you not acknowledge your relation?"

He

He then made her a compliment, in a voice scarce articulate, which was answered in the same manner; and we all sat down in a profound silence.

As I saw this dumb scene was not likely to end, I got up to the window, and call'd to Mr. Grey, the elder, to remark something in the prospect. I then whispered him that it was proper to give the young people time to reflect themselves; he immediately took the hint, and we continued talking at the window; but I placed myself in such a manner that

that I could now and then cast my eye on them without their perceiving me. I believe however, poor Theodosius did not make much advantage of the opportunity I had given, for I saw, by the manner of one and the other, that the constraint they had for many years imposed on themselves, was not so easy to be worn off.

Dinner being served soon after we all went down together, and during the time we were at table Mr. Grey, the elder, and myself were obliged to furnish what lit

the conversation there past. I saw, however, by the looks of our young people, that their hearts were perfectly intelligent, though the usual formality of address still subsisted. I remark'd that Theodosius several times call'd Lady Falbridge, Miss Grey, which did not surprize me, considering the habit he had acquired of always addressing her by that name; and that this was the first time of his seeing her since she changed it.

After dinner we all walk'd out into the Park, and Theodosius had

had again an opportunity of conversing freely with his beloved cousin.—The evening past agreeably away, and according to the promise I had exacted from Mr. Grey, the elder, the next morning they set out for Berkshire, Theodosius having obtained however Lady Falbridge's permission to correspond with her. When they were gone, we retired together into her dressing room, where she confess'd to me the joy she felt at being relieved from the terrors of a first meeting; "but indeed," said she, "my dear Mrs. Hervey, I know not how I shall

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shall be able to make a husband of the man I was so long accustomed to look on as a brother." I combated her scruples, which tho' groundless, are certainly natural, especially to a mind of such extreme delicacy. She now begins to look forward with pleasure, to that time, which I doubt not will render her one of the happiest of her sex. She is not a little delighted with the prospect of passing her life with her uncle, for whom she has conceived the highest veneration:—There is indeed such a frankness, such warmth of sentiment, united to

a kind of quaker-like plainness
 in that worthy man, that I own
 he rises in my esteem every time
 I see him. Adieu! my dear Mrs.
 Wilmot, I am ever

Your affectionate,

CHARLOTTE HERVEY.

LETTER

LETTER LI.

MR. THEODOSIUS GREY,

T O

MR. MORDANT.

Greenlands, Berkshire,

June 9.

AT length, dear Mordant,
it is permitted to your
friend to look forward to happi-
ness!—At length it is permitted
him to avow his affection for the
loveliest, the most engaging of
women!

women! But how shall I express my sensations!—the mingled throb of terror and delight that I experienced on being introduced to the presence of my beloved Arabella?”

You will hardly believe it, Mordant, when I declare to you, that altho’ Mrs. Hervey kindly gave me an opportunity of pouring out my heart to her, the words died away on my lips; and I wanted utterance to express the sentiments which fill’d my soul!—So long accustomed to check those sentiments, I dare

not

not even yet give way to them.
 — I left her without having explained myself on a subject that engrosses my every thought. I have however her permission to write to her, and I shall accustom her, during the tedious hours of absence, to think with tenderness on him, whose whole life shall be devoted to the rendering her's happy. Adieu! dear Mordant, share in the joy, as you so often have in the sorrows, of

Your affectionate,

And obliged,

THEODOSIUS GREY.

LETTER

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LETTER LI.

M R. M O R D A N T,

T O

M R. THEODOSIUS GREY.

Beverley-Castle,

June 12.

I Do indeed share in your joy,
my dear Grey, and heaven
knows I have shared more in
your sorrow than you could ever
suspect! Consider, I was myself an
adept in the free-masonry of love!

I knew what it was to sigh in secret, without daring to let my sentiments appear; — you will therefore wonder the less that I suspected your's, and knowing the excellence of your principles, I pitied from my soul a passion which I saw plainly you was struggling against at the expence of your health and peace of mind. By the most unexpected of events, you are now on the point of being rewarded for the noble efforts you opposed, against what appeared a criminal inclination; may it now prove a source of happiness to one and the

the other. Be well assured, that you scarcely wish it more for yourself, than does for you,

Your affectionate,

HENRY MORDANT.

P. S. The Comte De La Riviere begs me to assure you how much he participates in your happy prospect, and says, he will defer his return to France, till he has seen the knot tied. I need not say how much Mrs. Mordant shares with you; 'tis to Lady Falbridge she fully communicates all her sentiments on the subject.

[Mr

[Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot setting out about this time on a long tour into the North, the correspondence between Mrs. Hervey and that Lady was interrupted; and no new event intervening, we think it unnecessary to give that of Theodosius Grey and Lady Falbridge. — It will be easily imagined their letters were consistent with their characters, and expressive of the tender affection they bore to each other.]

LETTER LIII.

MRS. HERVEY,

TO

MRS. WILMOT.

*Hill-Street,
March 20.*

THE happy day now draws
on apace, my dear friend,
that is to reward our young people
for their long sufferings!—
But I must acquaint you with a
particularity of Theodosius's. We
were

were last night talking over the settlements, on which occasion Mr. Grey shewed his generosity, by the noble provision he made for his son and his intended bride; I saw by Theodosius's look, he had something in his mind more than ordinary, and when his father had done speaking, he said, "I know, Mrs. Hervey, you will think me very singular, when I tell you I have two conditions to propose to Lady Falbridge, which I hope she will not scruple to comply with."—"I imagin'd," said I, "as you corresponded with her, you had

not left it till now to propose them to her." "I beg your pardon, Madam, I have not yet mentioned them to her, it would have been premature, — but I will explain them to you;—I expect she should, on our marriage, relinquish her jointure to Lord Falbridge's family, and at the same time drop her title to take my name; which, if I am as dear to her as she is to me, she ought to prefer to any title whatsoever." He saw me look astonished, and added with a smile, "I see your wonder, my dear Mrs. Hervey, but you know you always

ways told me I was proud, and I do not deny it ;—for I would exact the same were I to marry an Empress !” I lifted up my hands, and said, “ well, God bless you, my dear Theodosius ! you are a charming fellow I allow ; but you are a haughty wretch, and with all your perfections, it requires the full portion of gentleness Lady Falbridge is endowed with, to be quite happy with you. But what says Mr. Grey to all this ?”—“ Ah,” said he, smiling, “ he has already communicated it to me, and he has found the art of persuading me

he is always in the right; for when he has any point to carry, he looks so like his mother, that I have not the power to refuse him." I expect Lady Falbridge in Town every minute, I have taken a house in St. James's place for her, where she will stay till all is ready. — She is arrived, — Adieu! my dear friend,

Your's,

CHARLOTTE HERVEY.

LETTER

LETTER LIV.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

April 8.

MR. and Mrs. Mordant arrived in Town last night, with the Comte De La Riviere, to be present at the ceremony, which will be performed on Thursday next at St. James's Church. As soon as it is over, we shall all set out for Green-

K 4

lands,

lands, there to pass a fortnight. I need not tell you, that Lady Falbridge consented with the greatest pleasure to the two conditions I adverted to in my former letter. When we came to talk of jewels, Lady Falbridge refused to hear of them; and said, they were superfluities, for which she never had a taste, and therefore begg'd they might not be mentioned. "You are in the right, niece," said Mr. Grey, "they are superfluities as you say, and you are too handsome to stand in need of such baubles to set you off." I saw Theodo-

sius's

fius's colour rise, and he cast a look on his father, expressive of his discontent; but he bit his lips in silence, and said nothing. I confess I was disconcerted at the old gentleman's bluntness, and could not help making some reflections within myself on the inconsistency of man, when a servant call'd Mr. Grey, the elder, out of the room, telling him there was a person waiting for him in the parlour. He went down, and returned in about ten minutes, with a black shagreen case in his hand, which he presented to Lady Falbridge, who, on

on opening it, discovered to us a compleat set of jewels, in the most elegant taste, and of the finest water I ever saw. As we all looked astonished, “so you thought, Sir,” said he to his son, “that I should leave this to you!—I would have you to know, that altho’ you have loved Arabella longer, I don’t believe you love her better than I do.”—He then told us he had brought those diamonds with him from the East Indies; intending them always for his niece, if he was fortunate enough to find her still living. — You may imagine we all lavished

our praises on the gallantry of the old gentleman, who being in high spirits, rallied his son not a little, saying, the young men trusted so much to their powers of pleasing, that they never thought of taking pains to please;—this methought a little disconcerted young Grey, whose haughtiness can ill brook the least check. But the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. and Mrs. Mordant, and the Comte De La Riviere;—the joy at this meeting was such as you will easily imagine, and nothing now was talked of but the approaching

proaching day. Adieu! my next
will be from Berkshire, till
when, as ever,

Your affectionate,

CHARLOTTE HERVEY.

LETTER

LETTER LV.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Greenlands.

SCARCE half an hour arrived here, I take up my pen to impart to my dear friend, the joy that fills my heart! This morning Lady Falbridge exchanged that title for the name of Mrs. Grey, in the presence of
her

her happy father, and her delighted friends. Never did I see so fine an appearance as this charming couple made at the altar! Arabella's beauty was heightened by the lovely blush that overspread her face; there are no words that can do justice to the engaging modesty and grace that adorned her aspect! The enraptured Theodosius looked more than mortal!—such a dignity in his person; and his fine countenance lighted up with such an expression of delight and sweetness,—that one might well say of him,

“Grace

“Grace was in all his steps, Heaven in
his eye ;

“In every gesture dignity and love.”

Immediately on our return
from Church we set out for
this place, where we were re-
ceived amidst the acclamations
of Mr. Grey's tenants. — And
thus, thro' a variety of sufferings
and trials, has heaven at length
rewarded the patient merit, and
steady virtue, of Theodosius and
Arabella Grey.

Your's,

CHARLOTTE HERVEY.

THE END.





